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SPAWN



CAPULLO
D.: McFARLANE

95

DIGITAL
EDITION

TODD McFARLANE AND IMAGE COMICS PRESENT

95 | CRACKS IN THE FOUNDATION

DEDICATED TO
ADAM, JACK AND THE WHOLE *LITTLE NICKY GANG*

PLOT

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SPAWN 94 SUMMARY

Wanda takes Cyan to a child psychologist hoping to learn the source of her nightmares and inexplicable behavior. However, that widens the chasm between her and Terry as he disagrees with Wanda that Cyan has a problem and leaves during the ensuing argument. Later, Cyan is visited by a being who presents himself as Terry. She becomes frightened and leads the being to Spawn when she runs to him for protection. Wanda interprets Cyan's screaming as another nightmare and when they both fall asleep, Wanda dreams of Al. Wanda later finds out she's pregnant but wonders how conception occurred.



TODD McFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS

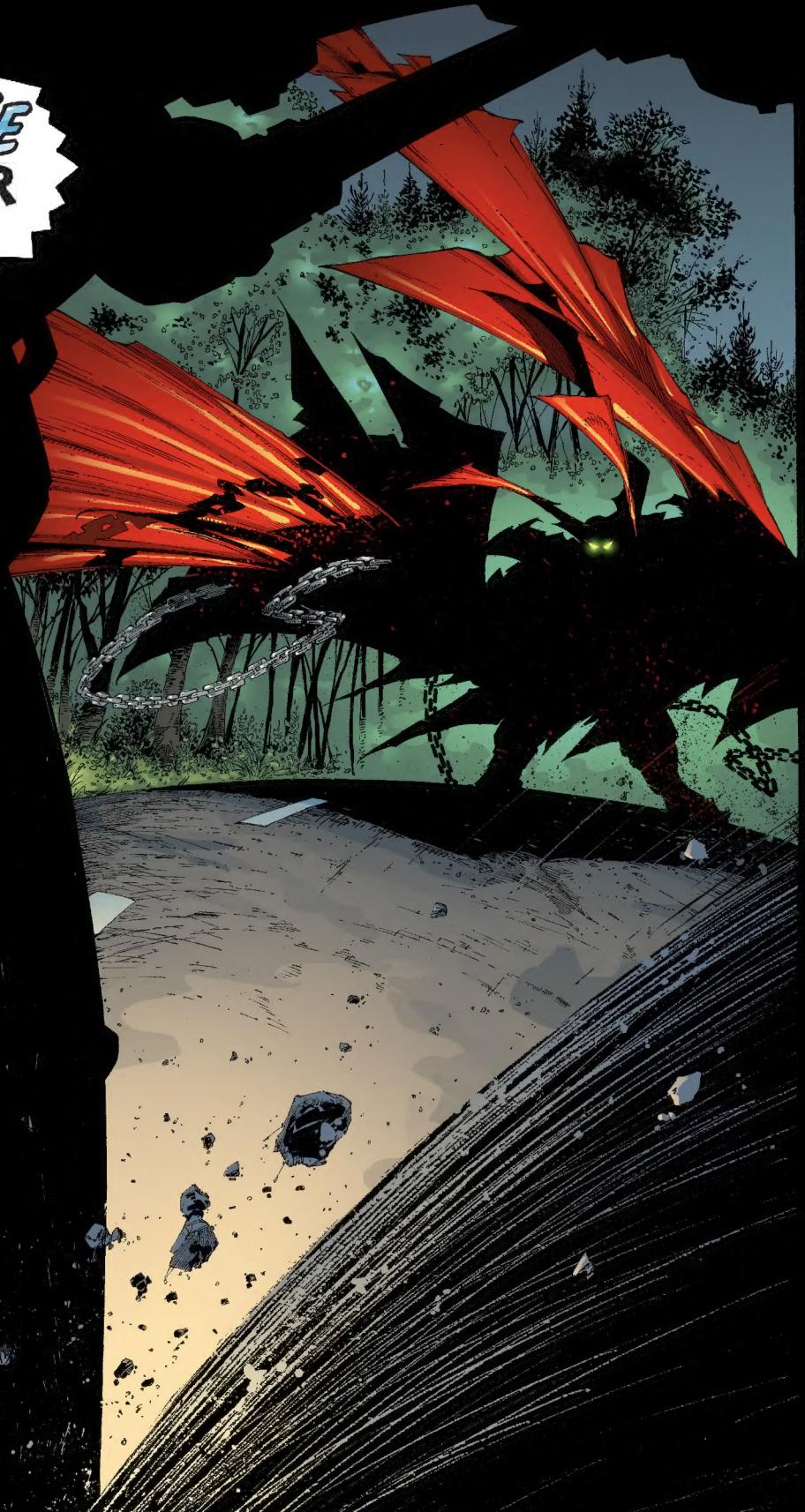


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HOLEEE
MOTHER
OF--



WHAT
THE
HELL?





QUIT BITCHING
AND GET UP. WE GOT
WORK TO DO. I TELL YOU...
COUPLE OF REAL WINNERS
WE GOT STUCK WITH
THIS TIME.

YEP.
MAN, IT'S BEEN
A WHILE. STILL
FEELS KINDA WEIRD,
DON'T IT?

I SUPPOSE.

SNFF.
WHAT'S
THAT
SMELL?

GASOLINE.

NO YOU
DON'T. IT
WASN'T
AROUND
LAST
TIME.

RIGHT.
GASOLINE.
I REMEMBER
NOW.

OKAY. LET'S
GET MOVING.
GOT A LONG HIKE
AHEAD OF US.

QUEENS, NEW YORK.

SO WHAT'RE YOU TELLING ME? THIS IS SOME KIND OF **IMMACULATE CONCEPTION**? IS THAT IT? SOME KIND OF SPONTANEOUS MIRACLE?

WELL, THAT'S GREAT! HEY, WE SHOULD CALL THE POPE. CALL CALL CARDINAL MAHONEY OR... LISTEN, I'LL GO AND START PACKING OUR BAGS AND YOU BOOK A FLIGHT TO **BETHLEHEM**.

STOP IT, TERRY.

NO, IT'LL BE GREAT. WE'LL CLEAN UP ON GIFTS FROM **WISE MEN**.

THIS IS VERY COMFORTING. SEE, FOR A BIT THERE I WAS WORRIED.

I MEAN MY **WIFE**, WHO'S BARELY LET ME **TOUCH HER** IN MONTHS, SUDDENLY TELLS ME SHE'S **PREGNANT**, AND, WELL, HEY I START JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS...

BUT NOW THAT I KNOW THAT A **THEOLOGICAL** EXPLANATION CAN'T BE RULED OUT... BOY, I FEEL MUCH BETTER.

STOP IT. THIS ISN'T FUNNY.

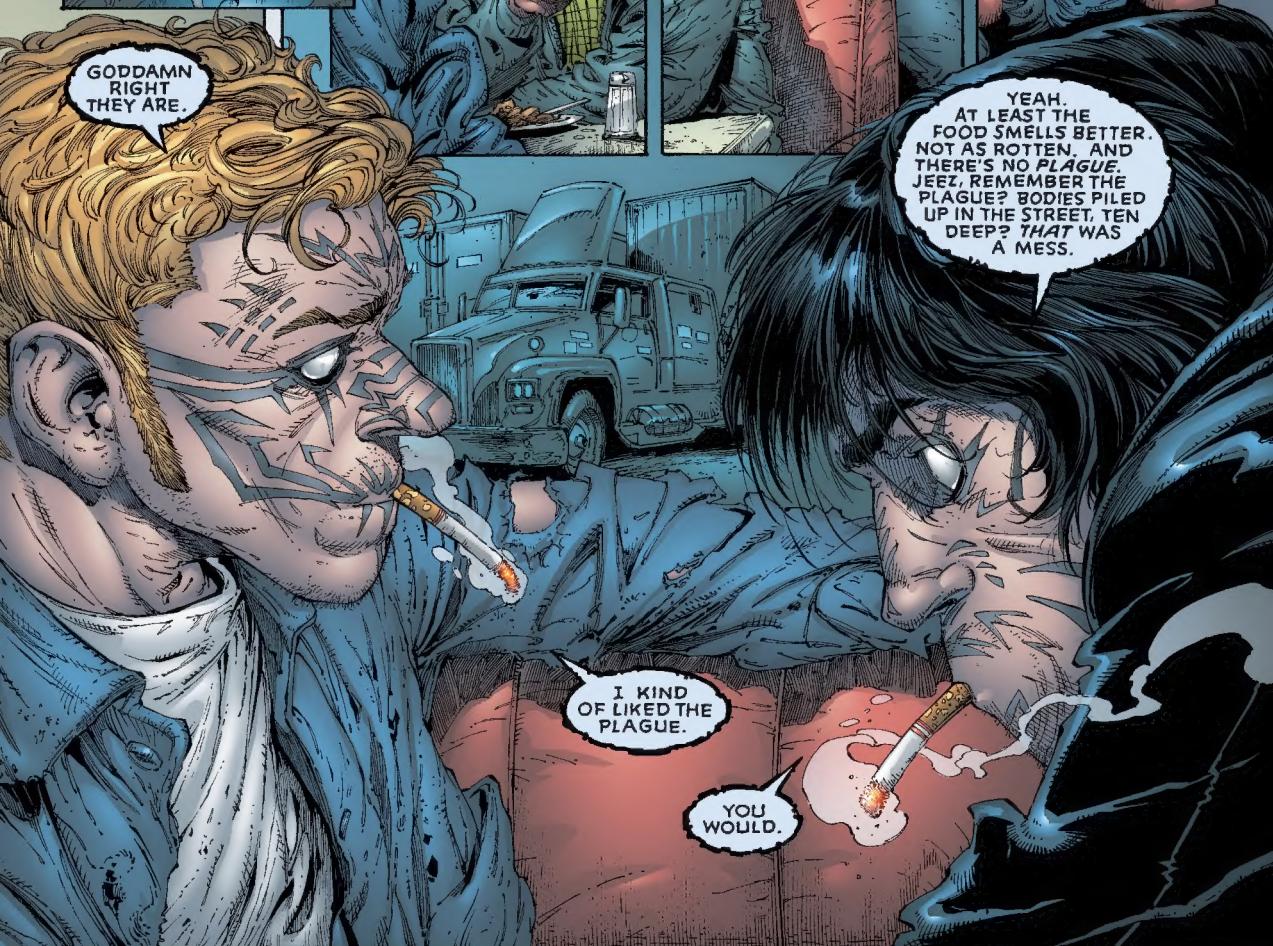
NO, IT'S SURE ISN'T.

LOOK. I'M ONLY GOING TO SAY THIS **ONCE**. I DON'T **KNOW** EXACTLY WHAT'S GOING ON...

...BUT DON'T YOU **DARE** ACCUSE ME OF WHAT I THINK YOU'RE ACCUSING ME OF.











"REST
IN PEACE."
EASIER SAID
THAN DONE,
ISN'T IT?





THAT'S OKAY. YOU DON'T HAVE TO ANSWER. I KNOW HOW IT IS.

REMEMBER HUMPING THROUGH A JUNGLE IN SOUTHEAST ASIA, SO THICK THAT EVEN IN YOUR DREAMS ALL YOU COULD SEE WAS GREEN?



WHEN YOU'RE SO DEEP IN SLOP AND YOU CAN'T TRUST THE PEOPLE WHO SENT YOU THERE, AND YOU SURE AS HELL CAN'T TRUST THE ONES HIDING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THOSE TREES...



THE WORLD GETS TURNED UPSIDE DOWN AND YOU CAN'T WORK OUT WHO THE GOOD GUYS ARE ANYMORE. HELL, MAYBE THERE NEVER WERE ANY GOOD GUYS.



I'M NOT GOING TO LIE TO YOU, SOLDIER. THINGS ARE GOING TO GET VERY HOT VERY FAST AND THERE'S NOT A LOT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT.

EXCEPT MAYBE KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN AND DO YOUR BEST TO SURVIVE.

MAKES FOR A LONELY WORLD, DOESN'T IT?





OOPS. LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT COMPANY. LET ME DO THE TALKING.











"YEAH, I'M
GETTING
ALL CHOKED
UP INSIDE."







"DON'T MAKE ME
COME DOWN THERE..."
- GOD.



TO BE
CONTINUED...





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE

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